

St. John

Shoemaker, L.

20's

AFRICA
Stories
+
Incidents



ON THE AFRICAN FRONTIER

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LAURA SHOEMAKER

SIX HERO TALES OF MISSIONARIES AND AFRICAN
CHRISTIANS FOR JUNIORS

FOREWORD

"On the African Frontier" containing stories for juniors (nine to twelve years of age) has been prepared for use in Sunday Schools and Junior societies. It is suggested that the stories be told either before the entire junior department from Sunday to Sunday or by each teacher in his own class. The stories may also be told to the "Main School" as a part of the monthly missionary program.

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On the African Frontier

I

WELL DIGGING

Did you ever see a magnifying glass? If you have, you know how the ridges and wrinkles on the palm of your hand look when you hold the glass over it. It makes every little line seem to be five or six times as wide as it seems when you look at it without the glass.

They say that when you look at cistern water through a big magnifying glass you can see little bits of live things floating about. When you look at river water through a magnifying glass, you can see many different kinds of live things, some larger and some smaller. When you look at still water, such as you can find in small lakes, swamps and lagoons, the magnifying glass shows you so many live things that you would prefer not to drink it.

Doctors say that people who drink bad water are very apt to become ill. The worst kind of water is the stagnant or still water and the time when it has most disease in it is in the hottest part of the summer. I suppose that the little live things, which make us so hot and feverish when they get inside of our bodies, can live best in the water when it is very hot.

I have told you about the bad water because this story would never have happened if there were no bad water in the world. But bad water alone would not make a good story. We need a white man, a missionary, and an African village of black folks.

Let me tell you first about the bad water. Near the village where the black folks lived there was a big swamp where the lake water backed up and made some marsh land. The swamp water was the only water that could be secured for the villagers to drink. In the hot months of summer the swamps were full of mosquitoes, toads, snakes and poisonous plants. The water always became green and sometimes it did not smell very good but the people drank it anyway—they had to.

The missionary was a Scotch boy who had come to Rubaga to serve the black people. He had helped them so much that they had given him a new name. His real name was Alexander Mackay; his new African name was "White-Man-of-Work."

It was just two weeks after the hottest season had begun and the villagers were frightened. They heard that the king's sister had the swamp fever. This was a fearful thing for it meant that the terrible fever months had begun. The black people did not know about bad water; they thought that the swamp had an evil spirit which wanted to torment the villagers. The older people shook their heads when they heard about the illness of the princess. They got together in the evening to talk about the dreadful fever.

"The worst thing," said one of the men, "is that we can never tell who is going to get sick. It may be fifty of us or it may be one hundred of us. Every year hosts of our people die with swamp fever. There was my Mjedo who died two years ago. Sometimes even yet when I am on the hunt, I reach out at night to be sure that he is by my side and then—I remember the dreadful fever. It is terrible. Every year when I hear 'swamp fever' I want to run away, for I know that before fever time is over, I shall have to say the last 'Goodbye' to many of those whom I see every day and to many of those whom I like to talk to when the stars come out and all the men gather around the camp fire."

"Yes, yes," continued another of the villagers, "fever time is fearful. When a man gets up in the morning, he does not know how many of his family will have the fever by sundown." He paused a minute before going on. "Do you know—I am hoping that the white man can help us in some way."

"He can." Everybody turned to look at the man who made this remark. He was one of the king's chief nobles who had slipped into the crowd unnoticed. He had the air of one who *could* tell most interesting news if he chose. Everyone waited for him to continue. At length the chief explained. He said, "The White-Man-of-Work came to talk to the king today. They say that the white man offered to give the princess medicine and that King Mtesa accepted his help. But when the messenger told the princess that the missionary was coming she wailed and cried and called out that she did not want to see the white man and would not take his medicine. So the king could not let the missionary do anything for his sister."

"But what can he do for us?" called an old man from the middle of the crowd.

The chief looked at the old man and answered, "You know that the White-Man-of-Work will do just anything for the people of Rubaga. When he left the king today, he asked to be permitted to dig a deep well on the hill behind the town. King Mtesa wanted

to know why a man should dig a well on a hill. The missionary talked to Mtesa a long, long time and when he went away, the king seemed to think that the well was a good idea. So the missionary is to start to work tomorrow morning."

The crowd became thoroughly interested. People began to talk to one another. More questions were asked than could be answered, for every one of the villagers was curious.

The next morning there was a big excitement in Rubaga. The missionary was going to dig a well on a hill. Some of the black people walked down to the Mission House and waited for the white man to appear. When he did come out, every black man present offered to help him. They organized a procession which marched to the hill behind the town. There the men threw down their spades, the heavy rope, the iron wheel and the firmly woven baskets which they had carried from the Mission House. A certain spot was chosen and the men began to dig. Steadily the hole became deeper until the black men who had volunteered to help could not throw the loosened dirt up onto the surface of the ground.

Then the White-Man-of-Work showed his friends how to put up a strong framework for a pulley. He found two short strong trees with large branches making a sort of fork with the trunk. The distance from the ground to the fork was about fourteen feet. When the trees had been cut down, the useless branches cut away, they were laid on the ground with the large ends near opposite edges of the well and the forks the same distance apart fourteen feet away. Two men were asked to dig small post holes just at the base of the trunks of the trees. Two others helped the white man tie a cross beam into position so that when the framework was raised the beam would rest securely in the forks made by the trunk and the first large branch. Before they could put up the framework, they had to attach the pulley to the cross beam. How the black boys marvelled at the pulley! They had to feel the groove at its rim; they had to spin it on its axle, and so it was some time before the white man could get back to work again. But when they did start to work, you should have seen those Waganda boys! Even though it was midsummer at the equator, they worked with a will. When it grew so hot that no one could work in the sun without getting sick, the boys threw themselves down in the shade and surveyed their work.

"Did you ever see anything like that pulley?" asked the boy who had climbed up to arrange the long rope on the wheel.

"No, I never did," answered his friend. "I am sure now that

I can dig a big well anywhere. I am so glad that the white man has come to Rubaga."

"Do you really think we shall find water in the hill?" questioned the climber as he raised his head up and rested it on his arms.

"I don't know about that but I do know that every time the missionary has asked us to work for him, he has made something for us which has made us better and happier. I think there never was a more honest man; I would stand up for him any time."

"So would I, you bet," responded the climber. And the two boys went on talking about the new well and about the different parts of the pulley.

Before long everyone in the village was talking about the pulley. Each morning crowds of villagers came out onto the hillside to see the men go down to the bottom of the well in the big baskets which had been securely tied to the ends of the rope. They liked to help pull on the ropes when there was a heavy load to be let down or brought up. Every day, the boy who had climbed up to put the rope around the iron wheel explained to a new crowd of villagers just how the pulley worked.

Then came the day when the men down in the hole reported water. They said that it was cold and clear like spring water. Of course everybody wanted to go down in the big basket to get some of this water that was to keep the fever away, but the missionary sent them away. That was a busy day for the white man. There were the pieces of the pump to be fitted together; the parts of the long pipe to reach down to the water had to be soldered together; and the pump had to be tested. At first there was just a tiny stream of muddy water but soon the pump was choked up with water which became more clear and cool as the pumping was continued.

One of the boys clapped his hands and raced off to Rubaga to tell the good news. Not long afterward he reappeared running in front of a crowd of village folk, gesticulating to them and talking jerkily between breaths. The crowd came on—men talking excitedly to each other, women with their hoes in their hands and their babies tied onto their backs, little boys and girls who scampered on ahead of the older folks. They all wanted to see how the missionary had got water from a *hill*.

When they saw the pump and the clear, cold water, they all began to talk at once. This is what they were saying:

"Oh, my mother, the water does come from the hill." "Just see how much water comes. Will it keep us from the evil swamp-

fever?" "Let me have a drink!" "Isn't it wonderful?" "Good for the white man. He is our friend." "We'll give you peanuts and fish and lentils every day." The people were so happy that they clapped their hands and some of the women hugged one another, while others ran back to the village for kettles and jars to get some of the magic water.

The next day, King Mtesa made a law that every villager must go to the pump for water. He said that he would send anyone who drank swamp water out of his kingdom. But in spite of his command and in spite of the water from the hill, people kept on getting sick. On the third day after King Mtesa made his new law about the water, more villagers died of swamp fever than had ever died in one day in Rubaga in all the time which the people could remember. It was on the night of the third day that the princess died. Even while she was dying she was laughing at the villagers for believing in the white man.

Four more days passed. Each day the people noticed that fewer and fewer villagers were getting sick. Ten days after the well was completed it was plain that there would be no more swamp fever. The people proclaimed a celebration and invited the missionary to be the chief guest.

The evening meeting was announced by the village drums. When the torches had been lighted and the people had been seated in rows on the ground, when King Mtesa had come from his big hut at the end of the street, there were speeches by the chiefs and the head warriors. Each speech was a "Thank-you" to the white man and each speech was interrupted many, many times by the hand clapping and cries of approval that came from the crowd.

Then our missionary talked to the people. He spoke of Jesus and His desire to serve all men. The stories from the Bible were told so simply that the villagers could make imaginary pictures of the white man's King who went about doing good.

It was late before the meeting was over, but in spite of that the boy who knew so much about the pulley, and the man who lost his Mjedo in the fever months two years before—these two walked home with the missionary and asked for the Book that they might learn more about the King of the white man.

II

MABOLA SEE THINGS AS THEY ARE

Do you remember our story about the pump and the swamp fever? If you do, you remember the African town, Rubaga, and King Mtesa who lived there. You remember Alexander Mackay, too, for he was the missionary whom the Africans called the "White-Man-of-Work."

Now this story is about a boy who lived in the same African town. His name was Mabola; he was fourteen years old and was one of the king's slaves. King Mwanga, his master, was a son of King Mtsea. He was kind to all his slaves and Mabola thought that there was no one in all the world who could compare with his king. Mabola was always glad when the king called him to serve food when other kings and chiefs were visiting King Mwanga. After Mabola's duties were over, he would call the boys of the village together and tell them how the little kings and chiefs were visiting King Mwanga, and how the little kings and chiefs acted when they came into the presence of the great king of Uganda. Mabola was sure that even the kings of Europe would be afraid of King Mwanga.

There was another man whom Mabola wished to be like. That was Mujassi, general of the army of Uganda. Mujassi was the bravest warrior in all Africa—at least, Mabola thought so. Every day Mabola went out to practice spear-throwing with the other boys, and although he could cast his spear with more force, could throw farther and could take more accurate aim than any other boy in the village, he was not satisfied. He spent all the extra time he had in spear-practice. Each year he made himself a longer and heavier spear. Every time the boys had a sham battle to show the villagers what they could do, Mabola received the most praise. If Mujassi spoke to him, Mabola was so happy that his black eyes would snap with joy. If Mujassi took enough interest to show Mabola how he could take a position which would enable him to throw his spear with more ease, Mabola's heart would just leap and his pulse would throb with pride.

There was one other man in Rubaga to whom Mabola was attracted. Mabola could not understand him. He never carried a spear, he never ordered other men to do anything and yet he had great power. All the black folks seemed to love him and once, when Mabola was serving some fish at the King's court, he thought

that the great king acted as though he was afraid of this harmless man. Mabola was not sure whether he admired or despised this fellow. He was so calm and dignified that Mabola sometimes admitted to himself that this man would make a great chief if his skin were only brown or black. Of course, the white man could not help being white but it surely was unfortunate. Mabola heard many stories about the white man. The villagers said that he served a powerful God; that he talked with his God every day; that his God talked with him from a Big Book. Mabola always kept his eyes open when this man came to see the king. Sometimes he thought he would like to be like the white man. But the white man was not like Mujassi; and Mabola was very certain that he could not be like both of them.

One day Mabola heard whisperings. He heard that the great king and his chief adviser were going to kill the white man. The boy dared not talk the matter over with anyone so he had to keep it pent up inside himself. The villagers who knew the missionary and loved him did not know—Mabola was sure of that. He sat down in the doorway of the palaver house to think the matter over. Why did the great king want to kill the white man? Mabola thought and thought, but he could find no reason which would satisfy him. The white man had never done any wrong; he had helped the people in many, many ways. When King Mtesa died no slaves were killed at his grave because the white man had taught the king a better way of holding a death ceremony. You may be sure that Mabola remembered that, as he sat there in the doorway thinking. Then the whole village had been saved from the yearly swamp fever plague which had taken so many of the brave fighting men. The white man had taught the women to be gentle and the children to be obedient. He had worked in his shop from morning until night to make gifts for the king. Mabola shook his head. "No," he said to himself, "this report cannot be true. I know that the great king is just."

A hand clapping from within the palaver house called Mabola to the king's side. The chief adviser and the king were alone. The chief adviser was walking up and down the room restlessly. King Mwanga put his hand on his slave boy's arm. "Go call Mujassi," he said in a low tone.

The chief adviser turned quickly. He came over to the king and said, "Your Majesty, before you do this thing, you must think of the villagers. They will ask you to explain. What can you say? Has the white man done any wrong?"

"They will ask *me* to explain, will they?" came the quick answer of the king. "Well, the first one who asks where the white man has gone will go the same way. What has he done? He has made my villagers think more of himself than they do of me, their king. He has taught them to read out of his Book and has invited them to his house. I am going to put a stop to all this."

"But why not send him back to England?" asked the prime minister.

"Because I do not want him to go back to England to tell of my country." The king turned to Mabola. "What are you waiting for, slave? Begone!"

Poor Mabola! He stumbled out of the great king's presence with a sore heart. His great king was only a little man after all. Mabola began to despise him. The king of Uganda was afraid of a man without a gun or a spear—a man who was not even a warrior! As Mabola neared Mujassi's hut, his thoughts turned toward his hero. What would Mujassi do? The boy's steps began to lag. Mujassi ought to obey his king but what a miserable king to obey; Mabola delivered his message and went slowly back to the palaver house door. Mujassi was just entering. He laid his hand on Mabola's shoulder and said that he hoped Mabola would soon be permitted to join the king's guards. Mabola had never heard such good news; he forgot all about the king and the white man; he wanted to find the other boys and tell them—but he had to guard the door.

Suddenly he heard Mujassi's voice. Mujassi was saying, "I *thought* you would take my good advice, Your Majesty. He is a dangerous fellow and the sooner we get him out of the way the better for us and our plans."

Mabola listened intently. He heard the king say that the prime minister was afraid of the village people. Then he heard Mujassi's voice again. "I tell you that the villagers will not fight. The foolish fellow has not been drilling them in the use of weapons. He has been setting them to work at the carpenter's bench and the forge. Fight, Why, your slave boy, Mabola, could dispatch any troublesome ones without difficulty."

Mabola's head fell over against the door post. He looked at his spear which was leaning against the hut wall. He jumped up and it fell with a clatter onto the hard-baked earth. He kicked it; he cried out as though everything was black in front of his eyes. He went back to sit down in the doorway. He was the slave of a

king whom he despised. He sat for some time. People were coming and going but he paid no attention to them.

Suddenly he was aroused by the appearance of the king's guards in marching order. Mujassi went to the palaver house. Mabola crept in, too. Mujassi waited until all of the people had left the court room. Then King Mwanga said, "I have given the white man permission to go across the lake. He is now on the road that leads to the lake. Overtake him and kill him and his men. Do not let one escape."

Mujassi laughed and said, "I have your command." Then he left the palaver house, gave a sharp command to the guards, and he and his men went down the broad road toward the lake.

Mabola was worried. What was to be done? Mujassi was a coward; he was marching against a little group of men with a whole guard. The king was a coward; he was afraid of his people and jealous of a white man. Mabola laughed and shook his head. There was one sure thing about this whole matter. The white man was not being treated justly and—a thought came to Mabola so suddenly that he was startled. "If Mwanga is a coward and Mujassi is a coward, I am one, too, for I am not doing the thing I know is right." He jumped up and sped off down the road and while he ran, he thought, "If I can only tell the white man, perhaps he can evade Mujassi."

He flew to the mission house. Everyone was gone. He looked down the road; there was no sign of life anywhere. He hurried through the tall grass; he stumbled over stones and fallen trees; he bruised his knees and ankles on sharp sticks and stubbles, taking the shortest route to the port twelve miles away. He hurried on and on. In the valley below him he caught sight of waving grasses which showed where Mujassi and his guard were creeping. On the white road in the distance, he saw some moving objects. Mabola hurried on and on, until he almost despaired of ever catching sight of Mujassi's men or the travelers on the road. Suddenly, he heard loud cries and sharp voices and clashes of spears. He sprang down to the hedge by the road.

Mackay had stopped; his men were standing stock-still watching Mujassi's soldiers pour from the thicket. Mackay stepped out in front of his men and looking into Mujassi's eyes, he said, "We are the king's friends and have received the king's permission. How dare you insult the king's guests?" With his walking stick, Mackay motioned the soldiers aside.

At this, the soldiers fell upon Mackay and his men. The command to kill was given. Mabola trembled. What would the missionary do? The slave boy could not see him. Had they killed him? Even though his muscles were twitching Mabola climbed a near-by tree. There on the other side of the road was the White-Man-of-Work. He was going to sit down on a stump! *Why, why* didn't he move faster? Why didn't he hide in the thicket? There! Mujassi had seen him and levelled his spear. The slave boy turned away and started a prayer to the God of the white man. Then he heard a familiar voice, and taking his hands from his face, he saw the white man smiling into Mujassi's eyes while he said, "Friend, great general of a great king, think of the new things I have brought to Uganda. Think well and long. Think of the 'Book.' Who will teach from the Book when I am gone?"

The general looked at the ground; he turned away for an instant. Finally he motioned to the white man; and the general-who-was-to-kill and the missionary-who-was-to-have-been-killed started back to Rubaga together.

Just as Mabola reached the ground he heard a voice ask, "Did it ever happen this way before?" And a number of voices responded, "It never was like this. It never was like this."

The first voice became stronger and more sure as, African-fashion, the question, "What kind of bravery is the bravery of the white man?" was asked.

The answering voices were sure, too, as the answer came back joyfully, "The bravery of a real man, of a real man."

That night as the slave boy lay on the palaver house floor and looked out of the big, wide entrance up into the deep sky with its stars standing out against the deep blackness, he prayed again to the God of the white man and this was his prayer:

"O, mightiest God! Make me bigger than Rubaga generals and Rubaga kings. Make me like a real man!"

ZANGA'S BRAVERY

Zanga lived at the mission house with his American teacher, Miss McAllister.* Zanga was just a boy, but he was the brightest in his class. He could add and subtract and multiply so fast that it would make your head swim. He could do other things—so many of them that the white teacher called him her chief assistant.

That is the reason why she chose him to go with her on this particular visit. The visit was an important one, for if it were successful they would save a poor woman's life. The missionary did not tell Zanga that when she took his arm and hurried him out of the mission house, but she started to explain when they were hastening down the forest path. She said, "Zanga, they are having a sasswood palaver today and I am afraid they will make old Kalenky drink poison. Will you help me? Will you, Zanga?"

"Of course I will, Miss McAllister," responded Zanga. "I'd do anything to help," and his face fairly shone with joy as she answered, "I knew you would, Zanga. I just knew you would."

"What do they think Kalenky has done?" he asked.

"Oh, they are saying that because Sonda and his brother died within two months of each other someone must have bewitched the family. They believe she must be the witch. The men took her away this morning for the trial and, if they find her guilty, the witchdoctor will make her drink the sasswood poison."

They hurried on, sometimes walking rapidly, sometimes running, until they reached an opening in the woods. Miss McAllister put her hand on Zanga's arm and pointed to a big tent made of brown skins. "There they are—the men at the palaver, I mean." Her words came jerkily between breaths. "Now, Zanga, you hunt around until you find the committee who are going to give Kalenky the sasswood poison. Don't you let them do it until you hear from me."

Zanga looked at her solemnly. It was a big thing for him to try to do, but he gave his promise. "All right, Miss McAllister," he said, "I'll do as you say."

Then he hurried away and began to hunt. He looked everywhere; he thrashed around in the thick underbush; he went farther and farther away from the palaver tent. But when at last he found

*Miss Agnes McAllister, remembered by many as one of our most heroic Methodist missionaries.

the men who had the bowl of sasswood, he was too late. One of them said roughly that Kalenky had already drunk the poison and that she was probably in the town at that minute. If she died it would be a sure sign that she was the witch. Zanga turned then and ran back to the palaver house to tell Miss McAllister. She was bravely talking to the men but they would not listen to her. "Go to your house. Go away," they kept saying.

Zanga forced his way in among the crowd. "Teacher, teacher," he called. "I was too late. Kalenky has been driven to town as a witch. I was too late. They made her drink the sasswood before I found them."

At that Miss McAllister hurried with Zanga back to the village. They went as fast as possible for they wanted to save Kalenky if they could. When they reached the Garraway clearing, they saw a group of young men driving an old woman before them and crying, "Witch! Witch!" Village folk crowded around, some of them afraid, but others laughing at the plight of the poor woman. When Kalenky fell, no one would touch her.

Desperately Miss McAllister turned to Zanga and said, "I know that she is ugly and that she is not clean, but will you go and help her to her home?"

For two hours, the plucky Zanga and the woman missionary worked to save Kalenky's life. At three o'clock she seemed brighter and at four, it was quite evident that Kalenky would not die. When the missionary went away she was sure that the people would say that Kalenky was not a witch since the poison did not kill her.

But Zanga stayed. He wanted to do something for this old woman whom nobody cared for. "Shall I stay or go, mother?" he asked. Kalenky did not answer, so he stayed. He made a fire and cooked some broth; he cleaned the hut and brought some fresh water. By night Kalenky was much better. Zanga stopped by her bed again and asked her, "Shall I stay or go, mother?"

This time the old woman, still too sick to understand how he had helped, raised herself on her arms and said fiercely, "Go! I hope I may never, never see anything like a human being again. They are worse than the beasts of the forest."

There seemed to be nothing more he could do and sorrowfully Zanga went away. But that night he slept little. He thought of old Kalenky so much that he could scarcely wait until morning to run over to her hut again to cook her some porridge and see that she was feeling better. He was standing in his door at dawn rubbing his eyes and getting ready to start when suddenly he caught

sight of some people coming from Kalenky's house. Was it—yes, it *was* one of the men slipping across the court and into the bush! Quick as a flash Zanga followed. He heard noises ahead and used them as his guide. Across a bog, through mists and chilly grass drenched with the morning dew, down winding pathways and across narrow streams the company went, until finally they emerged in a clearing. There a palaver house had been set up and the witchdoctor had already begun his incantations. They were going to try Kalenky again! The witchdoctor must have made them think she was still guilty!

Zanga looked about for her. She would not be in the palaver meeting he knew, so he went out to search in the edge of the woods. At last in a little clearing surrounded by thick underbrush he spied a group of people. Probably they had another bowl of sasswood waiting for her—what should he do! If the teacher were there she would talk and the men would listen and perhaps they would believe her instead of the witchdoctor; but he was only a Garraway boy. Would they make him drink the sasswood, too, if he interfered? Without the teacher to help, it would almost certainly kill him.

Just then a man near Kalenky rung a bell in her ear and took up a bowl of the sasswood sap. Zanga closed his eyes to think and then opened them to be sure that he was seeing right. Yes, these were the same men he had seen yesterday. Eight of them were talking excitedly in hushed tones to the woman. There! they were ringing the bell in her ear again. He must not let them make her drink the sasswood no matter what happened to him.

"Kalenky, Kalenky, do not drink it," he shouted and boldly pushed his way through the bush to her side. Kalenky, looking up, recognized her friend from the mission, and made a hurried movement toward him, upsetting the bowl of sasswood which had been placed on the ground before her. In an instant Zanga was seized, while one young man hurried to the palaver tent to report what had been done.

Very soon the witchdoctor appeared on the path and, behind him, all the men. In a minute the clearing was filled with them; in two minutes the bushes crackled and the branches of the trees groaned with the weight of those who were trying to see.

Kalenky looked at Zanga in terror. He smiled back at her as if he wanted to say it was all right anyway. And he gave no sign of how frightened he was inside. Then the witchdoctor, frowning, bade him speak.

But Zanga could not speak; words would not come. And anyway, what should he say? What would the missionary teacher say if she were in his place? He felt the hand of the witchdoctor on his shoulder; one look into this powerful man's paint-streaked face made him shudder. He glanced at the men; some of them looked sorry, but some seemed rather glad. What *would* the missionary say if she were there?

"Speak, boy!" commanded the witchdoctor again, shaking Zanga roughly. So Zanga, scarcely knowing what he was doing, began to speak, "O, you who are men, do you not know that this woman drank the sasswood yesterday and that the God of the white woman saved her life? Do you not know—down in your hearts—that God calls Garraway boys to come to Him when He chooses?" He caught his breath but no one stopped him, so growing more bold he stepped away from the witchdoctor and continued. "Yes, and He calls Garraway *men* to come to Him when he chooses. Do you think He will give you more and better days for this deed? Do you? Do you think God will not ask you about this woman when He meets you at the top of the path? Please—oh, please, walk up the path this day without stopping to kill this woman who has done you no harm." Zanga stopped and looked about. Not a soul stirred. So he walked over to Kalenky and took her hand.

"Come mother. These Garraway men are not stopping to kill today. Come back home." Even then no one stirred, and Zanga and Kalenky began working their way out of the crowd while all the men watched.

"Stop that boy! Stop him, I say!" called the witchdoctor jumping about angrily. At his word, two young men moved. But others crowded into their way so they could not carry out his orders.

Zanga heard him speaking, however, and stopped short. Perhaps he could really win these men from their wrong ways if they saw he was not afraid. "Did you want me to come back?" he called.

There was a stir among those who stood behind the witchdoctor. An old man pushed through the crowd. As he turned about, there was complete silence. "The chief! The chief!" was whispered from the front to the back of the crowd.

Zanga grew a bit pale—would the chief be angry? But he waited quietly. And presently the great man answered Zanga's question. "No, boy, you need not come back. Today the Garraway men will walk up the path of the white teacher's God without stopping to kill."

IV

DOING A GIRL'S BIT

Pindile was the "queer" girl at the Esidumbini school. All of the black boys and girls were kind to her but each one was thankful that he was not like Pindile. And some of them could not resist the fun of teasing her. She was so easily embarrassed that it was great sport to pretend that she was not doing her work correctly even when it really was quite right. Pindile was somewhat older than the boys and yet she was in the very same Bible reading class. And she was not so quick as they were. She had not been at school so long and in the village from which she came nobody had ever learned to read at all. Nobody even wanted to. So it was not strange that she learned slowly and made mistakes. But how miserable she always felt when she made a mistake in reciting! And how many mistakes she made! I suppose that with the boys' help Pindile would have been miserable from morning until night if it had not been for her scrubbing and washing and the housework. She *could* do these things well.

The missionary who had charge of the Esidumbini school grew to think a great deal of this gentle little lady who never romped with the younger girls nor talked with the older ones. Because Pindile seemed never to join with the other Zulu boys and girls in the school, the missionary tried especially hard to make her feel at home. Every night, Pindile received some kind word of praise and every time when the kind words were spoken, her face glowed with happiness. Pindile called the American lady, "My Inko-sazana" which means "my missionary lady."

One morning when Pindile was doing the Monday washing, two of the "teases" came out into the yard. It was their morning to do the milking, and they were already late, but they could not bear to pass Pindile without speaking to her. So with a grin at each other they stopped under the tree near which she was working and started their usual teasing.

"Good morning, Pindile," said one, "have you learned that long memory text for last Wednesday yet?"

"Say, Pindile, that was a good answer to teacher's questions about Samson!" chimed in the other.

Pindile flushed. She did not remember clearly about it but of course she hadn't had the right answer. How did other people learn so quickly! "What did I say, boys?" she asked, stopping her

work and looking first at one and then the other. "Oh, I am always saying the wrong thing!"

"Don't you remember?" The boys grinned at each other again. Pindile flushed redder and shook her head. "You don't? Why, teacher asked which of the stories about Samson you liked best and you said that you liked the one about—about 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.' " They could hardly finish, they were laughing so hard.

"What—what was the matter with that?" faltered Pindile.

"Why that was Samuel, Pindile! Don't you know! Samson was the strong man. Even the babies remember that!"

"The names are about the same. I knew it was Sam—something," Pindile said in self-defense. But that only made the boys chuckle the more. When he could get his breath, the first boy began again.

"Say, Pindile," he said, as he nudged the other and winked, "if you were going to teach English, you would have to know the difference between 'mule' and 'son'!" And at that both boys shouted in glee. Pindile hung her head.

"Never mind! I was just teasing you," one of them added, half-ashamed when he saw that they had really hurt her feelings. And as they started along, he called back, "You don't have to know English to wash and scrub, you know, but boys have to study hard and learn a great deal so they may become big and brave men."

But Pindile did not seem to cheer up; she did not like to feel that these boys—so much younger than she—were so much better; but it was true they could recite quickly and easily, and they knew so much about America and the missionaries! "Oh dear, oh dear! If I were only good for something;" she thought and then suddenly realizing that she *was* helping the Mission school when she washed the house linen she started to scrub vigorously. Out over the grass the soap suds flew and splattered up over her face.

Now the missionary had been watching from her window, and she was puzzled when she saw the soap suds fly. Surely, whatever the boys had said, Pindile was greatly stirred up by it. What could it have been! Plainly her face was flushed, and she was working as if she were trying to forget something. The missionary stepped out upon the porch and called to her, but Pindile did not hear. She was far too busy. So the missionary walked over the smoothly cut grass to speak to her.

Just then a noise from the barnyard startled both Pindile and the missionary. Evidently the two boys were having trouble with

one of the cows who had got out of the milk house. As they watched, the animal became more and more irritable and unruly. Finally, thinking that it was dangerous for the boys, the missionary called to them to come away. "We'll ask the men to shut her up," she shouted.

But the enraged cow was not to be disposed of so easily. With a sudden plunge, she ran by the boys and it was less than one-fourth of a minute that it took her to clear the yard and attack the missionary! Pindile gasped. The boys stood rooted to the spot while their teacher was knocked down and trampled upon. Pindile was the first to think. Springing forward she caught the horns of the mad animal and with all her strength she hung on desperately while the bewildered cow stopped the attack and stood motionless for a second as if uncertain what was the next thing to be done.

"Pindile, Pindile! She'll kill you, too," called two voices from the direction of the milk house, but Pindile hung on.

"Oh, Pindile, don't," sobbed one of the girls who had come to the veranda door; still Pindile hung on.

The cow began to move again; but by now the boys had waked up. Darting across the yard and picking up sticks on their way, they prodded and whacked while Pindile pulled. Soon the danger was over.

In a flash Pindile was back by "her missionary-lady" who had not been hurt too badly to look up and say, "Thank you, Pindile; you are a brave girl." But unfortunately, she said it in English and so Pindile did not understand! Perhaps she wouldn't have heard anyway, for she and another girl were busy just then carrying their bruised and broken teacher into the house where people were just hearing of the catastrophe. When that was done and others had taken charge, back to her work went Pindile, for all the world as if nothing had happened. But inside she was praying to the God who can hear the words even of stupid girls who do not know English.

Suddenly a voice spoke near her. "Oh say, Pindile!—Pindile!" it repeated softly. The girl glanced up from her work and a startled look came into her eyes when she saw that it was the two teasers. But this time they did not grin. "Say, Pindile," one of them said slowly, and somehow it was he who seemed embarrassed now. "We—we wouldn't mind being as brave and clear-headed as you were!"

Pindile stared at the two boys until they disappeared in the house: They had much better have stayed and finished their work

as she was doing, but she did not think of that. Even when they were out of sight she still kept looking off into space. "Why!" she said to herself, "Why, those boys said that they'd like to be like *me*! What do they mean!" And though she stayed in the mission school a long time, until she could read quite as well as the boys themselves, Pindile never could understand at all why nobody ever teased her after that day!

A FRONTIER CHIEFTAIN

This story is about a man who was not afraid though he was treated unfairly. This man had lived in Africa all his life; he had killed a hippopotamus, and had made a big whip out of some of its leather-like skin; he had killed snakes so long that they would reach across a street and so big around that they could swallow a rabbit. This brave man was Kanjundu, chief of Chiyuka, What I am going to tell you about is the bravest thing Soma Kanjundu ever did and what came of it.

When Kanjundu joined the church, he decided that he would be a "real" man, as the Africans say. He put away his hippopotamus hide whip which he had used to make his people obey him; he freed his one hundred slaves and he made a law that no rum could be sold in his country.

Now there were a number of white people in Kanjundu's country. Some of them were missionaries who had come to show the black chief and his friends the "great white path." (That is the Chiyukan's name for the Jesus-way). Some of them were officers who had come from Portugal to hold the country of Angola for the Portuguese king. Others of the white men were traders. One of these traders had a rum factory. (In Africa a store, a place where things are sold, is a factory. That's different from our way, isn't it?) The owner of the rum factory or saloon began to hate Kanjundu—you know why just as well as I. One day the factory burned to the ground.

Now if you lived in Africa where houses are made of straw and grass and sticks, and you thought that a man in your town hated you enough to want to harm you, what would you be most afraid of? Fire, of course. Well the trader thought Kanjundu hated him. Hadn't he annoyed Kanjundu as much as he could? Hadn't he insisted on selling liquor after Kanjundu had made a law that all black folks were not to buy any of it? So when the "factory" burned down, the trader was sure that Kanjundu had set it on fire. He was so sure, that he went to the city on the coast and told the officials his trouble just as though he had seen Kanjundu do it with his own eyes. So the officials gave a warrant for the arrest of Kanjundu to some Portuguese officers who started out that very day for Chiyuka.

The Chiyuka people did not know about the warrant for the

arrest of their chief, but when the group of white men arrived, they knew that some evil was brewing.

A Chiyuka boy who saw them coming down the path ran into the village calling, "The white men with guns? The white men with guns!" Immediately the village square was filled so completely with black folks that when the officers arrived they could not go to the palaver house. The King's chief adviser met the officers, who told him why they had been sent and showed the warrant for the arrest of the Chief. The adviser was so shocked at this unexpected demand that he forgot himself. He began to talk more and more excitedly. He argued with the officers, "Chief Kanjundu arrested! That cannot be true. He has done nothing. No, no, there is some mistake." The people near him who heard what he said carried the message back into the crowd. Soon the crowd began to call out to the soldiers; they said that the white men could never, never get to their Chief, that they would protect him with their lives.

They were fast becoming an uncontrollable mob when Kanjundu started to speak to them from the palaver house door. He told them why the officers had come to arrest him. He said that he knew that the people would have to suffer many things if they attempted to resist the arrest. He reminded them that there were many soldiers at Benguella nearby who would come against them, and he closed his talk by saying, "Even though it is not just and even if the very worst should happen, it is better that one man should die, than that all my people should suffer."

There was a long silence. Then Kanjundu said in a low voice, "My people, I did not burn the factory. I did not do this thing."

"We know you did not. We know it is a false charge," answered the people.

Then the Chief sent word to the officers saying that he would come to go with them as soon as he could say goodbye to the family; but for two hours more he had to talk with his people. The princes begged him not to go; the young warriors assured him that they would gladly fight the white men. But Kanjundu refused to listen to them. "We must not fight," he said firmly.

At last, after the affairs of the village had been put into the hands of a new ruler and after the goodbyes were over, the Chief of Chiyuka went out to meet his white guards. The officers were very sorry to take him away; they had learned to admire Kanjundu in the short time that they had waited for him. But they did not

have authority to release him. They could not keep the people from following him, but they would not have sent them back if they could. The villagers ran along the pathway and when the older ones had to return, they would call out sadly, "Goodbye, Chief. Goodbye. When the white man marches nobles to Benguella, they are dead. Goodbye, Kanjundu. We shall never see you again. Goodbye. Goodbye."

Finally, Kanjundu could stand it no longer. He spoke to the guards and they walked to the side of the path while the people pressed close to their Chief. "Dear people," he said, looking into their eyes, "no one who has gone to the coast has ever returned. But do not mourn for me. I go willingly. Do you think that they would be taking me to the coast if I were not willing? No, I would shoot myself rather than try to endure the hardships of the dungeon house in Benguella if I did not know the word of God. This whole matter is with God, so I will go. We must wait and see."

The people knew what brave words these were. Perhaps the Portuguese would make their Chief a slave—rivet an iron collar about his neck and chain him to other men with other collars about them. And perhaps he would be sent away across the sea. But their Chief was a man of the tribe of God and he had told them not to fight. He had bidden them wait and see. So they waited.

One year passed. The missionaries who came from the coast brought news of Kanjundu now and then. One of them said that when he went to the prison, Kanjundu was reading his Bible to the prisoners. Another missionary told the people who pressed about him when he got back to Chiyuka that Kanjundu was very sick. But later, the word was brought that the warden had given Kanjundu the keys of the prison and whenever he was called away, the Chief of Chiyuka was prison-keeper! Think of it—a prisoner made a keeper! But Kanjundu's people were heavy-hearted. Even the missionaries despaired.

Half a year more passed by when suddenly one day at noon, when the people were having their rest, a boy hurried up the pathway, and when he saw the village, he broke into a run. Entering the village square, he called excitedly, "Kanjundu is coming! Kanjundu is coming! He is just one-half march away!" (In Africa a day's journey is called one march.)

In a minute the square was filled; there was so much noise the runner could neither think nor talk. "Where is he? Is he sick?

Kanjundu! Kanjundu is coming!" Hands were clapped and women hugged one another in their excitement and joy.

One-half march away! The women could not go to their gardening that afternoon. Everybody must help to prepare for Kanjundu's arrival. All the warm afternoon the women ground meal and cooked fish and meat which the men brought them. And then the whole village went down the path to meet the Chief. The youngest hurried ahead, the older ones walked briskly, and the feeble ones lagged behind. Such a shout as went through the forest when the first group met Kanjundu; "The Chief of Chiyuka, Kanjundu, Kanjundu! Is he well? Will they let him stay? Have you come back to Chiyuka? Kanjundu, Kanjundu!" And they clapped their hands and pressed close and laughed into each other's eyes. The sons of the chiefs took the poles of Kanjundu's palanquin upon their shoulders and hurried toward the village, stopping every time they met a group. The noise grew louder and louder until Kanjundu reached his home. There they helped him from his palanquin and he stood looking out over his people. In two years he had become an old man, and so glad was he to be back in his own village that the tears came in spite of his efforts.

At last he spoke. "Listen, my people," he said. "I have come back to you. When they led me to the prison at Benguella, I thought I could not go in, for no chief who has lost his freedom has ever regained it. But God went with me and gave me strength to be a Christian even in prison. And after two years they brought me out again; they found that I did not burn the factory. God must have helped me show them that, for never before did the white men find out the truth about chiefs. I am sure, now, my people—" Kanjundu paused a minute for breath. Then he lifted his hand and smiled, and spoke very clearly, "and you must never forget it! I am sure now that God's words stand in front of all other words."

VI

THE BLACK MINISTER

His name was Adjai; he lived in a little town near Dahdah, and Dahdah is a large town on the west coast of Africa. One morning when the women were preparing breakfast, a boy burst into the open clearing, crying, "The Mohammedans! The Mohammedans! The Slavers!" In an instant the village was deserted for the "bush," and men, women and children, with shuddering bodies and quaking hearts, were hoping that they would be among those who would not be discovered.

From their hiding place, Adjai and his mother heard the guns and the cries of the unfortunate villagers who had been taken. Suddenly Adjai felt a rough hand on his arm and turning around he saw the red fez of a slave-trader who pulled him roughly from the dense bushes where he had been hiding. "Hush, mama, the man has not seen you," he had just time to whisper as he was pulled out of the thicket.

This was the beginning of Adjai's slavery. When the slavers reached Dahdah, Adjai saw his mother and sister among those driven into the town in another line of villagers. Later, he was sold into another village where he could not understand the language or customs. He became so sick and miserable that his mistress sold him again, this time to a man who drove him to a trading town on the coast. There he was sold once more for rum and tobacco.

His new owners were white men. They put an iron collar on the neck of each of their slaves and welded it together. Two chains were fastened to the iron collar; one was padlocked to the slave who walked ahead and the other attached to the neck of the man behind. This meant that the heavy iron collar and the padlocks twisted this way and that as they were jerked by the forward man or pulled by the man behind. When night came and the slaves were at rest, their necks throbbed with the ache of the day's journey. They were not only foot-sore, but neck-sore.

Finally, the slave gang was loaded into a dark room in the hold of a big ship. Though they could see nothing, they could feel the motion of the boat and knew that they were being taken over the sea to the land from which no man ever returned. But suddenly after many hours, the boat's motion seemed increased, sounds of guns were heard, loud cries and smothered exclamations came from

the deck of the ship. Short, sharp commands were given. White men with big, long knives came into the slave hold. The slaves cowered back into the darkest corner, when suddenly one of the white men seized Adjai. He ordered those with him to cut his chains and Adjai was taken out into the sunlight on the upper deck of the ship. There he saw his master in chains—what could it all mean!—and the stewardess made him sit down in a comfortable chair while she brought some milk and some boiled corn to eat. What *did* it mean!

Afterward, other slaves were brought up to the upper deck and were also treated well. And all the time the slave diver was guarded by soldiers. But still Adjai did not understand. He did not know that the white men with the long knives were Englishmen who had been sent out to capture slave drivers and to imprison them.

Three months later, Adjai was given to some English missionaries in Sierra Leone. They took care of him and sent him to school, but somehow he did not want to study; he did not care at all whether he ever learned anything or not. Every time the missionaries tried to make him understand that he must learn to read and write if he wanted to amount to anything as a man, Adjai would only shake his head. All the time he kept thinking about his people and longing to go back and hating the white slave drivers and even these white people and their school. What if these missionaries were kind to him! He wanted his own home!

One day after he had been in Sierra Leone some time he was thinking in this fashion about the old life back in his own village, wishing he were there, wishing he could kill the slave drivers who spoiled people's homes, wondering if they had gone to the other villages around his, when suddenly a new idea popped into his head. Adjai never knew how he happened to think of it, but think of it he did. And the more he thought, the bigger his idea grew, until it became a big, strong purpose—something big enough to work for, even to work hard for. When he grew up—this was his idea—he really *would* go back to Dahdah, and all his life he would work to make things better so that other boys and girls need not be stolen away from their homes and mothers by slave drivers.

Of course, to do this he would have to work and earn money and study so that people would have confidence in him; but now that Adjai had something to work for he could not work hard enough. He began to study with all his might. He worked at his books more steadily than any other student in the school. He began to learn

carpentering. He studied about the Bible and the church. The missionaries began to praise Adjai in their letters home. They said he was working so hard that they were afraid he would break down!

Later he entered Foursh Boy College and during his years there won recognition for his industry. People in England were eager to hear about him and with great gladness the missionaries wrote that Adjai had joined the church; that he was a staunch Christian; that he had uncommon ability and great influence with other boys.

The years went by. Adjai kept on preparing. It was such slow work to get ready when one had such a big, big purpose! He went back to his college as a tutor where he studied during his leisure hours, and then one day he heard of an expedition which Great Britain was sending up the Niger River. The English government wanted to start trade, it seemed, with the African tribes who lived on its banks. Can you imagine how his heart leaped as he wondered whether they would go to Dahdah; and with what eagerness he asked to join the expedition? He knew that if he could, his big idea would begin to come true. At last it was all arranged and he really did go!

After that, things happened very rapidly. In one year Adjai was in England telling his plan to people there. He took an examination and was made a minister. Then in two years he was back in Africa teaching and preaching in the villages.

Upon this beginning, Adjai built layer after layer of golden deeds. He built churches; he compiled a grammar in the language of his people so that foreigners could study it; he translated the New Testament, he visited the Queen of England to ask her to help him stop the slave trade; he traveled up and down the Niger River establishing mission schools; he showed the people how to make sun-dried brick; he guided Englishmen who came to the Niger on exploring expeditions; he begged the English people to stop selling liquor in his country.

Then one day Adjai received a letter from the Church Missionary Society. The letter said that he must come to London for a very important meeting. It did not say why, but he started at once and arrived just in time to go to the committee meeting, where the church men of England told him that he was to be made Bishop of Niger. Think of that! A little black slave boy made into a Bishop to be at the head of all the mission work on the Niger!

"Why should I be made Bishop when there are so many missionaries who should have the office?" asked Adjai. "No, I cannot take such a position. I am the servant of the missionaries in Africa." And it was a long time before Adjai could be persuaded to accept the title of Bishop. Finally, much against his will, he consented.

The service in which they consecrated him as Bishop was held in the great Cathedral of Canterbury. Special trains were run from London that day and thousands of people crowded into the building to see him. All the chief men of the church were there. Mr. Leeke, the captain who rescued Adjai from the slave ship, was there. Mrs. Weeks, who was Adjai's teacher in Sierra Leone, before he found his "big purpose," was there. And everybody was glad to honor "the black minister."

The newspapers of England printed long accounts of the service and people all over the country read of Adjai, the Bishop of Niger. But what do you suppose "the black minister" was thinking about when he left the Cathedral? About the crowds and the praise of the newspapers and what a big man he was? Oh, no, not about that at all! His thoughts were back in his little village on that dreadful morning when the slave driver pulled him out of the "bush," and on the other boys and girls who hadn't been rescued as he had. "I must get back to Africa right away to do my work for them," he was saying to himself.

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